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AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It is of some importance to observe here, that the authour of this piece had written it, before he had seen Mr. Ames' upon the same subject.

WHO ever consults the journals of literature, or attends to the observations, which are current in the republick of letters, will hear much of the inferiority of the American literary character. Some contend for its proportional, and all allow its absolute inferiority to the European. Feeling as we do for the honour of our native land, and anxious to magnify its reputation, and assert its claims, we are reluctant in assenting to the first of these opinions; and shall only consent to belief, when we are forced to see. But whatever our opinion of the American literary character may be, an inquiry into the subject must be interesting to us all. Let us see then what are the causes, which depress the just estimate of our literature, below the standard of European reputation.

These we shall find to be numerous and various, of different origin and different operation. Some are found on this, and some on the other side of the Atlantick. Some are founded in the nature of our government, and some are adventitious and foreign. To enumerate all these would be

beyond my ability and inclination, and it is to some of those only, which seemed most important to me, that I shall direct my attention.

The literary character of Europe is a grand edifice, the foundation of which has been laid for ten centuries, and on which each succeeding age has built something of beauty and something of strength. The schools and colleges of Alfred and Charlemagne are the origin of European literature and science. To these, those of the Muses who escaped the desolation of the fifth and sixth centuries, retired as to arks of safety; and enclosed in them, tossed uninjured over floods of war and deluges of superstition,

"While seas of dulness roll'd without a shore:"

till gentler manners and more liberal views, which had remotely originated in the institutors of chivalry, and the expeditions of the Crusaders, which had been cherished by the commerce of the Italian states, and advanced by the practice of chartering cities, welcomed them to the world. To the world they descended, to communicate the treasured honies of six centuries. The art of printing was the herald of their arrival, and circulated their inspirations. Refinement kept pace with their progress, the arts plumed their wings, and soared with unrivalled splendour, and the barrier that opposed the advancement of science was broken down by Bacon. Who can count the train of choice geniuses, that enlarged on his ideas and refined on his suggestions, as the literati of Greece copied his prototype Aristotle? At this era of European greatness, our country was settled, and settled by Europeans. It was inhabited by European colonists, governed by European masters, and ruled by European laws. Why, then, should not the praise of European philosophy encircle American brows? Why should we not name among our great men the great men of Europe? When they lived, our ancestors were their fellow-

citizens. The sap from the root flows to the smallest branch; however remote from the trunk, and however irregular the divergency of its ramifications. Here we discover a grand fallacy, in the representations commonly given of our literature. It is objected to us that we are as old as Europe, and we are reproached with the refinement, which we brought therefrom; while nobody allows us to claim any portion of Newton's Principia, nor even Bacon's Organum. It is said that we are as old as Manchester or Glasgow. What then were we before sixteen hundred? We were Englishmen, and to us belong, by patrimonial inheritance, the reputation of being countrymen to all the learned men, to whom our ancestors were posteriour, or with whom they were contemporary. This way of considering the subject may be thought very metaphysical, but surely it is no more than a just way of retorting that sophistical representation of America, which, without making any concessions for the labour and difficulty of building up and settling a new country, would exact of us the contributions, which are levied from cities of uninterrupted growth and steady advancement.

It is now inquired why, if the praise of European literature be thus conceded, the country has degenerated? Why, if the settlers of this country brought over European arts, and profited by the practice of them, they did not preserve their literary accomplishments! To these interrogations it may be replied, that a savage wilderness presented no scope for the cultivation of literature. Would a good satire cut down a tree, or a proposition in mathematicks terrify a tribe of Indians? Alas! it is but a fable, that the walls of Thebes were built by the lyre of Amphion, and the settlers would have been wofully deceived, had they trusted to poetry for the erection of their log huts. Besides this, our ancestors were not the men to whom literature would naturally give the praise of benefactors. They were men distinguished

indeed for enterprize and perseverance, but their enterprize was superstitious enthusiasm, and their perseverance fanaticism. I do not undervalue them; they were the right kind of men to settle a country. What soldiers ever fought with the fury of the Crusaders, and what men ever overcame the obstacles of an American colony? But the enterprize of our ancestors was not that philosophical ardour, whose first care indeed would be the necessaries of life, and whose second the interests of literature. But still they did not neglect the provisions of ordinary education; for a few years after the settlement of New England witnessed the establishment of our college. The dawn of settlement had just blushed, when the sun of science arose, in its morning splendour. But what was a college, whose advantages, had it presented any, there were none to enjoy; for whose recommendations there were none to strive. As well might you plant a garden in the islands of Lake Superiour. The wild bee might suck its blue bells, and the water snakes bask on its terraces; but the wants of no man would be satisfied by its fertility, and no man's imagination would be pleased by its disposition.

The great obstacle then, to the advancement of American literature, is the deficiency of our population and the poverty of the inhabitants. It will ever be the case, in all countries, that a very small proportion of the inhabitants have talents, opportunity, or inclination for literary pursuits. The smaller the absolute population of the country, the smaller will be the band of its literati. There will be fewer competitors for the prize of fame, and less emulation in the race of reputation. This will even contract the extent, and diminish the ardour of philosophical studies. So that in a country, whose population is small, there will not only be fewer men of science, but they will be of inferiour note.

A country too must be rich, before it can be learned.

Men of abilities are as desirous of pecuniary competence, and its consequent conveniences, as those of any scale of intellectual powers. If these cannot be acquired, by the exertion of their faculties in philosophical pursuits, they will be sought in the lucrative calls of a profession. Thus in America, we see that almost every man of any literary eminence is trammelled with engagements and duties, ever foreign to the nature of philosophy, and often incompatible with its cultivation. The country is not rich enough to abound with sinecures for literary merit, which call their incumbents into notice, without imposing professional duties, and provide them with a competence, and often with a superfluity of pecuniary facilities. Establishments of this nature exist all over Europe, while in America they are few in number, and insignificant in importance.

A country must be rich before it can be learned, for another reason. The patronage of the opulent is indispensable to the success of philosophical and literary undertakings. This patronage is more easily derived from hereditary fortunes, and more readily bestowed by patrimonial opulence. The history of science and literature abundantly teaches the necessity, and exhibits the advantages, of the encouragement and patronage of the affluent. But as we have intimated, that can hardly be exerted to a useful degree, in a country, where those, who have arrived at large fortunes, must generally devote them to the necessities of family dependents; and at death, dissipate them by extensive distribution. Here we have no entailed estates, no fortunes, which prodigality cannot squander, and which are indefinitely increasing, beyond the power of alienation, and afford the brighest prospects to needy mathematicians, poets, and philosophers. No fortunes which will, for the honour of literature, embroider the clothes of these men, heap their tables, and fill their libraries; and thus abstract their thoughts, quick-

en their imaginations, and sharpen their wits. All these advantages lay on the other side of the Atlantick. But honest, republican America, old fashioned, free, and equal America, presents neither these nor any such to the possession of men of literature.

Another cause of American literary inferiority is found in the genius of her government. The observation, which has been justly made with respect to the Royal Society, may be extended to the encouragement of literature in general. If by that institution, the thoughts of men were called off from the measures of government, how much more extensively would the same effect be produced, by holding forth rewards to all the votaries of philosophy? It requires no argument to convince, us sturdy republicans, that our form of government, and its existing principles of administration are the only ones in the world, whose fabrick invites the scrutiny, and whose measures challenge the deliberation of their subjects. In Europe, it is the business of government to patronize literature, that the concerns of government be not disturbed, by the officious intermeddling of able men. Alcibiades said, that if the Athenians had his dog's tail to talk about, they would forget him. But here every man, from the lowest citizen to the minister of state, is a politician. So far are we from resorting to expedients to withdraw the attention of the people from national affairs, that it is the boast of America, that it derogates from the capacity of an honest farmer, to be unable to detect his neighbour tory or jacobin in half a dozen political lies, and three times as many misrepresentations. In England, literature is so encouraged, that the universities have each two voices in the national council; here so little confidence can we place in ours, that it must not wish to read a national sermon.* In England, the chancellors of the universities possess a civil

* This Essay was written shortly after the last Fast.

jurisdiction over the students, and Oxford and Cambridge are little mock courts. Here the academick constitution cannot receive a regular modification, but a civil war is threatened. I know that I am assuming, what all will not grant, when I express my opinion that a republican government is not calculated for the advancement of literature. But let us consult the testimony of history. Athens, at the height of literary greatness, had nothing republican in its government in reality, how much soever there might be in its name. Pisistratus, who rendered a service to poetry, which ages have not rivalled, and which conception cannot surpass, this very Pisistratus expelled Solon from Athens, where indeed *he* possessed absolute power, while it lasted; and usurped his place. Pericles, the great patron of literature, was an ambitious, arbitrary, and cunning tyrant. Philosophy, embodied in Aristotle, lent her aid to give celebrity to "Macedonia's madman," and enhanced the fame of his arms, by the garnish of her reputation. The philosopher of Malmesbury somewhere says, that Athens was ever a despotism. Sometimes swayed by the will of one, sometimes by the more insupportable domination of many. Even the orators possessed unbounded power, though it was held by the weak tenure of popular favour. In another respect, Athens, as well as the other states of Greece, to whom these observations likewise apply, was altogether anomalous. The inhabitants were either slaves or the owners of slaves. These wretches did all the work, while their masters the Athenians with all the strangers that were with them "spent "all their time in nothing else, but either to hear or to tell "some new thing."

In Rome, the sunset of *republican* liberty was the daybreak of literature. Cicero wrote as the republick tottered, Virgil sung when it had fallen. In Florence, though the officers were chosen once in two months, yet the most hope-

less despotism, the dominion of superstition, prevailed at the revival of letters. The cushion of the papal church pillowed the head of the infant science. There is one more republick, whose literary fame has hardly reached us, and which does not promise much future glory. I mean the United States of America. There was indeed, in that country, when under a monarchical government, a great philosopher, who did much to promote science, by discoveries in electricity, but he was little regarded by his posterity. They left his name to be trumpeted by the mouth piece of French politicks and French philosophy, a book called "The Columbiad," which was forgotten a year or two after its publication. There were indeed two men, that erected themselves monuments of glory in republican America. One was a great statesman, the other a noble orator. Of neither of these men could it be said, as of Alcides,

'Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari :'

for the tongue of detraction dared not prate of these noble men, till theirs could no longer move in defence. But when they were dead, fathers taught their sons to lacerate their memory, and set themselves the example.

Thus I am justified by history in concluding that literature has not been fostered by republican governments, and why should we suppose it ever will be ?

It may here be observed that common information, as well as every advantage and privilege of freedom, is diffused much more widely and equally in America than in Europe. The lowest classes in America are the supporters of the state and constitution : for we have no grade below the yeomanry. But in Europe, beneath them are the manufacturers, as ignorant as the machines they use, and the beggars as worthless as their own rags. In America, above the farmers are the other classses, who live by their labours, trades, and professions, rising in the beautiful symmetry of

successive disposition. Above these orders in Europe, are a phalanx of cumbrous nobility, and a host of lazy placemen. Our government is supported by the solidity of its foundation; in Europe, there is a dead weight at top and bottom, and it is all bouyed up by the specifick levity of the middle ranks. You will therefore, Americans, before you undervalue your native land, remember, that as a literary life is not the most comfortable to an individual, a literary character is not the happiest for a nation. The happiest indeed it would be, did it not involve the loss of dear rights. Remember too, if it gives you pleasure that the time will surely come when we shall be populous, rich, and monarchical; when our literature will be patronized by hereditary wealth, and encouraged by arbitrary power; and when the olive of science will spread its oily fruit over the luxuriant manure bed of decaying happiness, right, and law at its roots.

Let us then, who live in these times, content us to be homely in the graces of science, but splendid in the charms of happiness. Let us not be over anxious for the day, when, as we now seem to envy, our posterity will emulate, the glory of nations, whose subjects were Galileo, Otway, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Chatterton. Go, and enjoy the government and literature of such nations: claim the protection of the one, and participate the reputation of the other. Do not fear that you will leave America desolate, for I trust enough will be left, who love their country well enough, with all its faults, to live here, and to die here. Should the national trumpet call Americans to national defence, the ranks of their array would not be thin, for the numbers that had emigrated to feel the blessed energies of a press warrant, or the efficient bounty of a conscription. I trust it is unnecessary for me to disclaim any thought of depreciating the worth of the literary character. We live in an age, which acknowledges the su-

periority of a civilized over a savage state, of refined society over primeval hordes of robbers; in an age, which, though it has questioned morality and religion, has hung garlands and trophies on their main pillar, science. Science and literature have sprung up like snow drops in the very winter of desolation in revolutionary France.

But when you hear that America is not celebrated for great philosophers, consider that you hear that she is not old, corrupt, rich, and enslaved. When you hear that European science surpasses ours, think that Nestor, tottering with years, weak and feeble, was wiser than Achilles or Agamemnon. In fact, if you will love your country, and support its government, as long as it is supportable, you will be happy or you will not deserve to be. You may, if you please, visit Europe and enjoy the advantages which its seminaries present, and when you have numbered those among your acquisitions, you will come back and employ them in the service of your country, and in the advancement of its literary character. You will come back, for you can covet nothing foreign but literature. Will you not come back?

"Who's here so rude that would not be an American?"

EMILY.

IT were to be wished there were as many sagacious, as there are well-meaning advisers. But, although the number of those, who have seen much of the world, and been engaged in many of its most instructive scenes, is very extensive, it is yet to be regretted, that there are so few, who have exercised sufficient penetration in their intercourse with mankind, to render them fit and useful monitors for the rising generation. Principles and maxims taken up at random and without examination, are frequently adopted as

the directors of behaviour, and recommended to others with unapprehensive confidence. Indeed, many even of the best counsels, which we admire and venerate as coming from the mouth of age, are nothing more than the hearsay maxims of common-place observation, and approved only on account of their antiquity or universality.

We do not mean by these remarks to insinuate any disrespect towards those good and faithful friends, who claim attention on account of their age and experience, or to extenuate the value of their instruction and advice. Heaven knows that the age we live in abounds with examples sufficiently numerous of disobedience to parents, and of juvenile self-sufficiency, without the necessity of any attempts of ours to inculcate them. Go to the modern philosophers, or to the sturdy sticklers for the rights of man, ye, who wish for abettors of the violation of parental authority, or of the neglect of friendly admonition.

We have thus hinted at two extremes of conduct, which we wish to be generally avoided; on the one hand, an implicit and blind reliance on all the advice of any person, whom we should happen to find and acknowledge our superiour; and on the other hand, an obstinate resistance to rightful authority. It is presumed the tendency of the following tale will incline to neither of these extremes.

Among the various excellent counsels, which the aunt of Emily Haswell was daily in the habit of giving to her orphan niece, just before her introduction into the world, she was always careful to intersperse several cautions respecting the tyrannical authority, which men assume over the fairer and more unprotected part of the creation. Now this respectable lady, whatever might have been the qualities of her heart, had never enjoyed the advantages of a very polite education, nor had been taught to reflect with much accuracy and correctness on the affairs of life. The max-

ims she adopted were such rather as coincided with her peculiar turn of mind, and natural disposition, than those dictated by reason, or resulting from sound and well-regarded experience. Her life had been passed in celibacy, and a great portion of that had been secluded and solitary. Instead therefore of being able to judge with much critical accuracy of the general character of mankind, she could scarcely boast of a passing acquaintance with ten of her male neighbours. One of them she knew was in the habit of beating his wife; and another of not suffering the partner of all his cares &c. to have any share in common conversation; and a third of spending many of his nights abroad. With the knowledge of a few such facts as these, and of several village anecdotes, which the slander of the tea-table had occasionally collected and brooded over, this respectable spinster thought herself fully qualified to give instructions to her amiable niece, respecting her conduct in her intercourse with the world. In one of those grave and tedious lectures, but not less observed for being tedious, the following expressions of her aunt made an unusual impression on Emily's attentive mind.

"I cannot too much caution you against suffering your-
"self to be depressed and controlled by those tyrants, the
"men, who will take every opportunity of trampling your
"just rights under foot, and arrogate to themselves a vast
"superiority over you, both in point of intellect and endow-
"ments. I hardly know, my dear, how to advise you to
"conduct yourself with regard to them. Shall I tell you
"always to oppose their unjust arrogations by the exhibi-
"tion of those powers, which I am persuaded you possess
"to an extent full as great, and as highly cultivated as
"theirs? Alas, by this way you will only be stigmatized
"with pride and ostentation. The censoriousness of the
"world will never suffer the display of those qualifications

" in a female, which it encourages and demands in the oth-
" er sex. Shall I, on the other hand, recommend a servile
" and bending disposition, and advise you to submit to all
" their claims, and always acknowledge their superiority?
" No, Emily, the lofty and generous spirit you possess will
" never suffer you to degrade yourself by such unworthy
" humility. I am at a loss therefore what course to set be-
" fore you. Suffice it therefore to say, that you must make
" it the constant business of your life to resist those unjust
" and enormous claims of the men; and by every method,
" consistent with your prudence and modesty, make them
" and all the world know, that you can exhibit an equal title
" to superiority with theirs." These were the last instructions which Emily received from her rigid monitor, previous to her departing for the metropolis, and being introduced to a world, whose novelty and splendour, for a time, obliterated from her mind a great portion of the injunctions, she had received respecting the conduct she was to pursue. Those only, which we have just related, were so strongly fixed in her memory, as to have any perceptible influence over her conduct; and it is the influence of these precepts that it is our intention to trace in the several scenes, to which she was introduced.

At her first visit among her new fashionable friends, she had little more to do, than tacitly to observe the manners and habits with which she had been hitherto unacquainted. She came however fully prepared to act her part with firmness and dignity against the arrogant encroachments of the gentlemen, in whom she expected to see all that *hauteur* and despotick tyranny, which her aunt had so vividly described and cautioned her against. Before the beaux were introduced, and whilst the ladies were amusing the tedious hours of expectation with variegated tittle-tattle, Emily almost trembled with anxiety and curiosity for the appearance

of one of those arrogating monsters, whose presence she thought would cast a gloom over their whole happy assembly. A gentleman was at length announced. Emily looked round upon the company in expectation of seeing terrour and disappointment depicted upon every countenance. Not a sign of sorrow or humility was exhibited by one of them; nor, on the other hand, did she observe any lady, like herself, preparing to give the hostile invader a formidable reception. On his entrance, he was cheerfully and politely saluted by all his female acquaintance; and he returned their civilities with a grace and urbanity, which half captivated the fair and wondering stranger. However, her good aunt was not yet forgotten, and she immediately repelled from her heart the least favourable inclination to the enemy, whom she suspected now only of assuming the appearance of pacification, for the purpose of conquering more treacherously, and triumphing more completely, at the first opportunity. He was in a short time introduced to Emily, whose reserve and coldness at first baffled his attempts to insinuate himself into her favour, and study her character by the sentiments she should utter. He welcomed her to town, and appeared to express considerable satisfaction at the addition their society had so lately received. "How!" said Emily to herself, "is it possible this man can express himself in so "humble a manner! Surely he cannot be sincere. He has "boasted nothing yet of the advantages, which I am to re- "ceive by being acquainted with him and his friends. He "cannot really be a representative of his sex." She was more and more obliged to doubt the authority of her aunt's injunctions, as the assembly of the gentlemen increased; but was still determined not to let this first specimen of their conduct decide her opinion, nor shake the faith she reposed in such respected authority. During the whole evening she imagined she saw nature reversed. So much

tenderness, civility, and complaisance in the gentlemen; such apparent veneration for every opinion expressed by the ladies; such delicate attentions, such profound humility, and such ready obeisance to every minute request, almost staggered her resolution of preserving a rigorous and unbending reserve. But the idea that this scene was all a farce, and the almost indelible aversion she had previously conceived for the men, sustained her for the remainder of the evening. She was invulnerable to every compliment, and insensible of every attention. In vain had her exquisite beauty attracted the eyes of all who were present; she repulsed the most obsequious gaze, because she thought it the arrogant stare of superiority. Sometimes she almost fancied that her female companions had leagued even with their detested enemies, to render her an object of scorn and ridicule. This consideration made her completely unhappy, and it was with pleasure she heard the proposal to depart, as it would give her an opportunity of retiring from such malicious observers, and contemplate her own dignity, without the interruption of those hypocritical attendants. When seated in a carriage with the gentleman to whom she had first been introduced, she thought he would now pull off the mask, and while absent from his accomplices, boast of his own superiority, and attempt to depress her transcendent merits. But to her surprise, not a word on the subject escaped his lips. They sat in perfect silence, till the carriage reached her place of residence, when so great was her embarrassment and astonishment at seeing this haughty lord descend from his seat, and humbly conduct her to the door, that she had not the courage to pronounce a refusal, when he requested the liberty of visiting her on the morrow.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

SPRING AND YOUTH.

" If the spring put forth no blossoms, summer will display little beauty,
" and autumn afford no fruit : So if youth be wasted without im-
" provement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age misera-
" ble." *Blair.*

Hail, beauteous spring, sweet emblem thou of youth,
When all is artless grace, and love, and truth ;—
Oft as I hear thy zephyrs murmur by,
Oft as thy blossoms catch my raptured eye,
My former joys before it rise anew,
And walk sublime in pleasing sad review.
O halcyon days ! but now forever past,
Too fleet to linger, too unmixt to last.
No gloomy mist obscur'd your vernal sky,
No threat'ning cloud proclaim'd the tempest nigh.
No boding fear of future ills opprest,
Nor anxious sigh escap'd the peaceful breast.
But elfin Hope her fairy visions spread,
And Fancy snatch'd up laurels for my head ;
My simple heart believ'd that all was true,
And own'd an age of happiness in view.
When fond remembrance broods o'er all those joys,
And from the present half the mind decoys,
Though pleas'd and proud to own it once was blest,
With pensive sadness heaves the anxious breast,
For those dear joys with their remembrance bring
The painful thought, " life has no second spring."
Wak'd from the airy dream of youth, and lo !
For fiction, truth ; for fancied friend, a foe !
The charm is broke, the magic spell is laid,
Worth is despis'd, and confidence betray'd.
In hideous forms before our wondering eyes
Cares, labours, losses, crimes, and fraud arise :
All unprepar'd, the unexpected sight
O'erwhelms, o'ershadows, and enshrouds in night.
O then, what need, what pressing need was there,
While yet our hopes were young, our prospects fair,

While yet the morn of life unclouded shone,
And love of lore possess'd our hearts alone,
To form our minds, improve the fertile soil,
To seek for wisdom with incessant toil,
To gather foresight of the future scene,
Prepare to act thereon with soul serene,
Inure to industry the vagrant mind,
To strength'ning labour, previous toil confin'd.
This once neglected, if the rich deplore
The times, the leisure, they enjoy no more,
If those on whom proud wealth and splendour wait,
With joy of ease and love of pomp elate,
Yet proffer all for wisdom's purer joys,
And count their glitt'ring trappings trifling toys,
What nameless griefs that wretched wight distress,
Whom want and ignorance alike oppress;
Whose youth to intellectual progress lost,
Received a *scanty shallow draught* at most;
Who struggling with his fate in riper age,
And anxious still to con th'illumin'd page,
Finds disappointment all his toils attend,
And want and care with every effort blend?
Yet what dull mind is so benumb'd by care,
That prospects so sublime, so good, so fair,
As lovely spring with opening charms displays,
Can move no smile of joy, no sign of praise?
Lo Flora now with verdure decks the plains,
Lo musick now invites with sweetest strains!
For nature's instruments begin the song,
And groves and downs in flatt'ring numbers throng.
Pure the young zephyr, fresh the budding rose,
New scenes new beauties to the eye disclose.
Ravish'd the eye, regal'd the list'ning ear,
And all around proclaims the new-born year;
All that is novel, beauteous, and sublime,
Combin'd, conspiring bless the happy time.
Go, hopeful youth, yon gentle summit rise,
Survey th' harmonious whole with wondering eyes.
Then say, would Ceres o'er the happy land
Her bounty scatter with unsparing hand,

Did not fair Flora first her charms display,
And go before to deck her sister's way ?
Deck then thy mind, with every grace adorn,
And be thy evening lovely as thy morn.

LETTERS TO A STUDENT.

No. II.

October 13, 1810.

IN my last letter to you, my dear son, I gave you some advice, which is principally applicable to your conduct as an individual, and does not so much regard your deportment towards your associates. I am now about to suggest to your mind a few ideas, which I hope will lead you to the adoption of salutary principles, and to a determination to adhere to those principles, in your conduct towards your fellow students, and the government. The laws of the University, which you are bound conscientiously to obey, will give you rules of action as far as they extend ; and as far as general laws can be definite and precise. But since there are a great many instances, as you have probably already begun to experience, where the want of a rule must be supplied by your judgment, and the obligations of reason substituted for those of law ; it is indispensibly requisite that you have some steady principles to regulate and decide your conduct, to impart confidence to your determination, and resolution to your consequent action. And it is here that the young, as well at college as elsewhere, are apt to be deficient. There is little danger that young men of good breeding, and liberal education, should be long undecided how they should act in those instances, in which their conduct depends on their own judgment. The main difficulty is, to have the firmness to follow the dictates of your good sense, to obey the voice

of your deliberate reason, and to reject the example of passion, and vice.

You will hear much at the University about independence, and it is my wish that you would be very careful of the notions you attach to that word, as it is a very important one in the college vocabulary. Besides this the truly independent man, who acknowledges no restraint but that of religion and reason, who has wisdom enough to correct the erroneous opinions of his companions, and fortitude enough to oppose them, who would think it a greater misfortune to be compelled to break the ties of obligation than those of friendship, is a man of so valuable a character, that I have scarce a warmer wish than that his example be your model. But college independence is not exactly that which I have described. Its dictates are, generally, to oppose the authority of the government, whenever it is at issue with the sentiments of the students, and to relinquish your own judgment, whenever it militates with popular opinions. Let me examine with you, my son, these leading characteristicks of this spurious independence.

You know very well that, waving the consideration of the absolute necessity of a supreme and final tribunal in every society, you bind yourselves to recognize the authority of that of the University, by entering yourself on the list of its students. To adopt then or encourage a system of opposition to the government, is not only to resist the force of reason, but to violate the obligation of a virtual contract. Before you can lend the sanction of your consent, as an individual, to the requisitions of this independence, you must relinquish your claims to the character of a virtuous and honourable man. You must leave the highway of honour and virtue, to scramble among the cliffs of popularity. But do not flatter yourself that you are to conciliate favour, by opposing the decisions of the authority to follow those of

your fellow students, for there is yet another sacrifice to be made, before that can be obtained. You must with equal satisfaction disregard your own notions of right and wrong, as those of government, when popular opinion points to a different conclusion. Here you ought to perceive the real character of false independence. Instead of its giving you, as you would perhaps naturally expect, a complete controul over your actions, it imposes a tyranny, insupportable as it is arbitrary. It delivers you from the restraints of wholesome authority, only to place you under the dominion of caprice and indecision. It exchanges the government of deliberative power, for the variable impulses of a fickle mob. Think not then that, because the authority of government is lightly regarded by disorganizing independents, they acquire any liberty, much less a rational and desirable one. They have flattered their vanity perhaps that they have become the head of a faction, but their post is clothed with as little independence and influence, as that of the skipper of a fisherman.

But I cannot satisfy myself with thus pointing out to you, in general, the character of that independence, which will be presented to your imitation, enforced by the delusive recommendation of popularity. I wish to caution you against yielding to some of its requisitions. It is possible that you will find it fashionable to misrepresent the motives, misinterpret the conduct, and misconstrue the admonitions of your instructors. I hardly know whether to think this practice most ridiculous or criminal. It seems something hardly better than absurd, for a young man, who has been toiling and labouring, month after month, and year after year, to prepare himself for the University, and who has looked forward to the day of his examination with anxiety as great as the anticipated satisfaction he will feel at entering, the moment that he has procured his admission, to em-

ploy himself in vilifying the motives and misrepresenting the characters of those men, whose instructions have been the object of many solicitous calculations, and to have been rejected by whom would have so sensibly afflicted him. How criminal is he too, to return the scrupulous attention and punctilious regularity of your instructors, by unkindness and incivility! How censurable is the conduct of those, whose best views of them are as masters whose arbitrary will is law, and whose usual considerations of them betray something more distant than coldness, and want of respect!

It is very possible, I hope it is true, that there is no necessity for these observations, and that there is little foundation for them in fact. I hope that in obeying all the laws and in complying with all the requisitions of the government, you will have the students for your associates; and that in defending the characters and acknowledging the merits of your instructors you will but echo the popular acclaim. If these hopes are well founded, you may indeed, my son, congratulate yourself on your connexion with the University, and that it exists at a time so propitious to improvement. Study then to improve the advantages, which you enjoy, and to make suitable return to your friends and your conscience. Remember that you are rising into an age that will require all your abilities and all your industry. The affairs of your country increase in complexity as it grows larger and more populous, and the fairest prospects are opening for patriots and scholars.

Your affectionate father.

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

PARTY SPIRIT.

" FOR my part," says Dr. Franklin, " I think profound " peace is a bad sign." And indeed the Doctor has in this instance, as in many others, spoken the wisdom of ages. Where all parties are swallowed up in one, like the rods of the magicians in that of Aaron, no check is imposed on the publick proceedings, and the nation rushes on, headlong and precipitate, to the gulf of ruin and revolution. From this consideration, I have never been of the number of those, who presage ill to our country, from the present state of political parties. It would be more pleasant to individual sensibilities, could some of the asperities of party be softened, and some of its malignity allayed. But a powerful and respectable opposition imposes circumspection and caution on the majority, and makes them wise from division, where they might be unwise from union. As long then as party spirit is confined to words, while there are no heads taken off, and no feathers put on, I entertain little apprehension of the national safety. One of Montesquieu's finest remarks is, " pour règle gè.èral, toutes les fois qu'on verra tout le " monde tranquille, dans un etat, qui se donne le nom de re- " publique, on peut etre assurè que la libertè n'y est pas."

Grandeur et decad. des Rom. Chap. 9.

IRISH LYRICKS.

AN Irish bard, who had no inconsiderable pretensions to classical learning, as the subjoined specimen will show, thus

pathetically characterises his fair dulcinea. We regret that our lyrick powers are not competent to a translation, which would unveil its hidden beauties and display them to the gentler part of our readers. As this cannot be done, we advise every lady who has any interest in the Lyceum, or any wish to sympathize in ideal excellence, to procure a dictionary and grammar, and exert herself in eliciting the following beautiful sentiments. We assure her, on good authority, they contain the sum and substance of all modern novels, romances, plays, operas, &c.

MOLLIS abuti,
Has an acuti.
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.
Omi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres.
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver ?

OLD AGE.

THE wisdom of age is proverbial, and no writings are louder in proclaiming it than those of the Latin and Greek classicks. In looking over the fragments of Sophocles, not long since, I was astonished to find a sentiment diametrically opposite to common notions :

Παντα μεν εμπεφυκε τω μακρω γηρᾳ κακα,
Νους φρουδος, εργ' αρχεια, φροντιδος κενα.

Soph. Scyr.

Now that I have quoted a fragment of Sophocles, I cannot forbear introducing another of the same authour,

which is the original of our notorious proverb—"fortune "favours the brave."

Ου τοις αθυμοις η τυχη συλλαμβανει.

Soph. Incert.

TRANSLATION OF MISS BAILLIE.

THE following translation of a song, once popular and still remembered, is a pretty able specimen of Latin rhymes. It is extracted from an English publication, and is from the pen of an Oxford scholar.

Seduxit Miles virginem, receptus in hybernis,
Quæ laqueo præcipitem se contulit Avernis.
Impransus ille restitit, sed acrius potabat,
Et conscius facinoris per vina clamitabat
Bailliam, Bailliam, infortunatam Bailliam!
Proditam, perditam, miserrimamq: Bailliam!

Ardente demum sanguine, dum repsit ad cubile,
O belle Proditorcule, patrasti factum vile!
Nocturnæ candent lampades—et, ecce, imago dira
Ante ora stabat militis, dixitque, fumans irâ,
Aspice Bailliam, infortunatam Bailliam!
Proditam, perditam, miserrimamq: Bailliam!

Abito—cur me corporis pallore exanimâsti?
Perfidius munusculum, mi vir, administrâsti!
Pererro ripas Stygias—recusat justa Pontifex,
Suicidam Quæstor nuncupat, et tua culpa Carnifex!
Tua culpa carnifex, qui violâsti Bailliam,
Proditam, perditam, miserrimamq: Bailliam!

Sunt mî bis denisolidi, quam nitidi, quam pulchri!
Hos accipe, et honores cauponabere sepulchri.
Tum Lemuris non facies ut antea iracundior
Argentum ridens numerat, et ipsa vox jucundior,
Vale, vale, Corculum! lusisti satis Bailliam;
Vale, vale, Corculum! nunc lude, si vis, aliam.